

down Alabama Street, turned into Whitehall, following the grade, and rolled through the iron lamp-post that stands in front of the old James's Bank building. It was moving along so leisurely that a negro lounging near the corner tried to stop it with his foot. He was carried off with a broken leg. The lamp-post stands there to this day, having been thoughtfully preserved as a relic that might be of interest, and if you give it a careful glance as you pass, you 'll see the jagged hole grinning at you with open-mouthed familiarity.

A family living on Forsyth Street, near where that thoroughfare crosses Mitchell, saw a weary-looking Confederate sauntering by and thoughtfully invited him in to share a pot of genuine vegetable soup, — a very rare delicacy in those days. It chanced that the soldier was Private Chadwick, and he was prompt to accept the proffered hospitality. Moreover, he was politer about it than any other private would have been.

Private Chadwick, being the guest, was served first, but, just as the plate of soup was placed before him, a shell came tearing through the dining-room, entering at one end